

AMUSEMENT DIRECTORY.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—Ninth and D streets. "Man's Enemy." **BIJOU THEATRE**—Ninth and Penn. Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy and others. **CHASE'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE**—Pa. ave. and 15th st. "A Contented Woman." **COLUMBIA THEATRE**—F and 12th sts. "The Christian." **KERNAN'S LYCEUM**—Pa. ave. and 12th st. Kentz-Stanley Company. **LAFAYETTE SQUARE OPERA HOUSE**—Lafayette Square, bet. Pa. ave. and H st. "His Excellency, the Governor." **NEW NATIONAL THEATRE**—Penn. ave. bet. 13th and 14th sts. "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

Academy.

"Man's Enemy," a melodrama new to Washington, but a standard favorite in England, will be the magnet at the Academy this week. Man's enemies are many, but the particular foe referred to in the present instance is strong drink—the grave-digger for so many pitiable victims. The results of intemperance are said to be graphically delineated in this powerful play, which relates a truly pathetic story, with frequent thrills and a kindly current of comedy. Pictorially it will disclose some realistic scenes of note, as for instance, Monte Carlo and the famous Blenheim Castle in England.

Agnes Herndon, a sterling actress and beautiful woman, will share honors with Albert Andrus, an actor of the earnest school, and with a man of rare intellectual attainments. The cast further includes Maurice Lindner, W. J. Canfield, Thad. Shine, W. J. Hurley, Emile LaCroix, Josephine Thill and others of recognized ability.

"Man's Enemy" promises to maintain the standard of excellence that has distinguished every other production at the Academy this season.

Lyceum Theatre.

Manager Kernan, of the Lyceum Theatre, announces the engagement of the Kentz-Stanley Novelty and Burlesque Company for this week, commencing with a Monday matinee.

For years this organization has been looked upon as the leader of burlesque and high class vaudeville, and each season's visit has been greeted with immense patronage from our theatergoers. The present company is the strongest in its history, and every specialty is evocative of repeated encores. In addition to the ability of its principals, Manager Leavitt is renowned for engaging only young and pretty women for the chorus, and the feminine contingent of the Kentz-Stanley, as a result, is invariably pleasing.

This season this organization is said to be the largest and most expensive burlesque company traveling, everything being entirely new. The costumes far outclass anything ever presented by this management, and the scenery by Moses and Hamilton of the American Theatre, New York city, is a revelation to vaudeville houses. The opening burlesque is entitled "When Your Wife's Away," and a new and elaborate scenic production of the latest New York dramatic success, a laughing satire on "Ouida's" novel "Under Two Flags," and entitled "Under Two Jags" will be the closing burlesque. It will portray all the latest fads and fancies of the present day, all the members of the company participating, and all the latest songs and dances will be introduced, and the fun-making of the comedians most enjoyable. The olio will have Daisy Dumont, the sweet singer; Grout and Grout, grotesque musical comedians; Lottie Elliott, the famous skipping rope and change artist; Charles Robinson, eccentric character singing comedian; Willard and Wheeler, the Two Crickets in their witty sayings, and dancing par excellence; Lyons, Europe's latest sensation, "The Hat" Juggler, a decided novelty; and the Leonards, James and Sadie, athletic comedy sketch. Miss Leonard introducing a grand display of artistic bag punching.

Columbia.

According to Clyde Pitch the moral condition of New England is deplorable. The back country minister is continuously soused with hot water and lye by the people whose mealy, miserly souls he is striving to save.

This state of affairs is forcibly set forth in "Lovers' Lane," which was diverting through the week at the Columbia.

The principal character is a young clergyman, devoted to his flock of sheep, lambs and rams. The Rev. Thomas Singleton appears as an apologist for the shortcomings of mankind and the other kind, and finally undergoes "a change of views" calculated to put Satan out of business and necessarily to render his own clerical job superfluous.

For an earnest young parson to theoretically abolish hell forever and, by so doing, destroy the practical value of prayer and the utility of preaching is an exhibition of righteous magnanimity as unusual as it is astonishing, notwithstanding the precedent of Dr. Briggs and his followers who held the devil to be only a scarecrow for trespassers. But Mr. Clyde Pitch avoids the impending dramatic blunder by making his "doubting Thomas" recant and "give the devil his due," whereupon, with satin still in the ecclesiastical ring the fight for the championship is renewed and peace is restored in the congregation.

Bijou.

The success of the Bijou Stock Company continues unabated, and the large audiences that enjoyed the performances of Manager Schlesinger's aggregation of vocalists and comedians last week were unanimous in the opinion that better performances of the kind have never been given in Washington. The several members of the Stock organization have become great favorites with the local theater-going people, and as soon as such popular artists as Louise Moore, Nellie V. Nichols, Susie Rocamora, John P. Rodgers and Matt Kennedy make their appearance on the stage it is accepted by the audience as a signal for a rousing welcome.

The bill of burlesque and vaudeville which is scheduled for this week at the Bijou will be of supreme excellence. Heading the olio will be two of the most noted Irish fun-makers of the vaudeville world. They are Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy, former stars in popular farce comedies, but whose high position in the vaudeville field attests their great merit.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy will on the occasion of their visit to the Bijou this week present their very newest sketch called "Why Doogan Swore Off," which has only been presented in two other cities during this season, New York and Boston, where they

made the most emphatic hit of the Keith bills. Both Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have many friends in Washington, and their appearance at a local play-house is sure to attract a great deal of attention. Following this pair of able comedy interpreters will be Lew Bloom, famous on two continents for his happy portrayals of the genus hobo. Bloom's tramp act has been classed by very many able vaudeville critics as the very best thing in his line, and during his engagement at the Bijou this week he will present several new parodies on the popular songs of the day, besides relating some stories that are said to be not only new, but extremely funny. The Pantzer Trio, consisting of three women and one man, will display some very wonderful feats in the acrobatic line, and if one may judge from the reports which precede them, they will give one of the most astonishing performances that a local audience has ever seen. Mr. and Mrs. Neil Litchfield, a pair of the best known rural comedy character portrayals, will present a new sketch that is said to contain a vast amount of bright lines and humorous situations. The bill will be brought to a conclusion by those two clever dancers, Coakley and Heusted, whose act is familiar to Washington audiences, and who have always been warmly received whenever they have appeared in this city. There will be matinees every day during the week at the Bijou.

Chase's.

Manager Chase announces a prompt return to horse-less comedy this week, the Chase Musical Comedy Stock Company being presented in Hoyt's delightfully clever drolery, "A Contented Woman." The result will be a series of large and contented audiences. Otis Harlan will speedily efface all recollections of a recent night-mare, with its all too vivid (while it lasted) ghostly apparitions.

COLONEL HAMMOND

Relates How He Arrested King Edward When Heir Apparent.

VIOLATION OF THE SUNDAY LAW

The Prince Paid His Fine and "Set 'em Up" for the Boys in the Exchange Saloon in Wilmington, Illinois—Lord Lyons Got On His Ear and Subsidized the Local Paper to Suppress the News of the Arrest.

The visit to Canada of the present heir apparent to the British throne has served to recall many incidents connected with the American tour of the father of the Duke of Cornwall and York, King Edward VII. One of the most striking of these incidents was the arrest and fining of the young Prince of Wales, as he was then, for a violation of a Sunday law while on a hunting trip in Will County, near the village of Wilmington, Ill. He was arrested by Col. C. M. Hammond, taken before Justice James L. Young, and fined \$3.

The Prince was under the guardianship of Lord Lyons, and the two made a hunting and fishing trip to Wilmington, some fifty miles south of Chicago, on the Kankakee River, a locality then visited by numerous hunters from Chicago and Canada on account of the plentifulness of game and fish. Colonel Hammond was proprietor of a lively barn at Wilmington, and in such capacity took the royal party into the surrounding country several days on quail shooting expeditions.

The young prince enjoyed the sport hugely, and when Sunday came he went to the stables and said to Col. Hammond: "I would like to go out to-day. I want to get at those quails again." When told that violations of the law for hunting on Sunday were sometimes prosecuted in that locality the prince asked the extent of the punishment. The prince was informed that it would probably be a fine of from \$3 to \$5, whereupon he said to Mr. Hammond: "Well, hitch up and I'll take the chance." The trip was made and resulted in a pleasant and successful day, with a good-sized bag of game.

On the following morning Elias Kimball, who was somewhat of a hunter himself, probably through jealousy, feeling that the heir apparent was robbing him of his rights to the game of the country, swore to the complaint before Justice James L. Young.

Robert Thompson was constable, but on account of the acquaintance between Col. Hammond and the prince he deputized Col. Hammond to make the arrest. Young Albert Edward appeared to enjoy the affair and went willingly before the court in the town hall, which was at once filled with anxious sightseers to witness the unusual proceedings. Justice Young read the complaint and asked the prisoner what he had to say. "Well," said the prince, "I guess I'd better not deny it—and how much is the damage?"

A fine of \$3 was imposed, but the costs were remitted. The prince, however, refused to take the proffered change, and after the court was dismissed he invited the crowd to the Exchange saloon, where all drank to the health and at the expense of England's future king.

"The affair was a pleasant one," said Colonel Hammond, "and was enjoyed by no one more than the young prince himself, but Lord Lyons was exceedingly angry, and seemed to consider that the dignity of his nation had been trifled with. Lord Lyons subsidized the local paper, which was easier suppressed than the papers of to-day, so that the occurrence never appeared in print. This was over forty years ago," continued Colonel Hammond, "and most of the parties who took part in the event are dead. The prince, as I remember him, was a well-built, good-looking young man, and an excellent shot. He enjoyed the trip to the fullest extent, was affable and agreeable to all whom he met and made many friends and admirers during his short and eventful stay at Wilmington."

Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley has accepted the invitation of the Hamilton Club of Chicago, to be present at a reception and banquet to be given in his honor.

W. Bourke Cockran delivered his initial speech of the present campaign in New York at a Democratic mass-meeting held at Carnegie Hall Friday night.

The fifteen imported waiters at the Plaza Hotel, New York, are all "in the soup."

WORKING THE GLOBE

To Get Even With Their Enemies Under Specious Plea

OF AIDING US TO REFORM

And Expose the Crooked Schemers and Schemes of the Nation's Capital—Those Who Gamble are as Immoral as the Men Who Fleece Them and for All Such the Globe Has Neither Aid nor Sympathy.

Illustrative purely of the guileless methods some of our fellow-citizens take to use us "to pull their chestnuts out of the fire" and "get even" through the columns of the GLOBE, we publish the following letter with the name of the accused person eliminated and with the following preface or explanation for the benefit of our readers.

The complainant, or author of the letter, who shall also be nameless, is a government employee who "plays bucket shop." In other words he gambles on margins. The particular bucket shop, or rather owner thereof, whom he is endeavoring to get even with, "laid down on him" as the sporting expression has it. That is to say the bucket shop owed him money he had won in the gamble on margins, and then by a trick beat him out of it.

The trick was explained some time ago in the GLOBE, and consisted in selling out to "a dummy" and when a sufficient sized wad of suckers' money was in the safe of the bucket shop, the "dummy" skipped the town and left the suckers to hold the bag. The bucket shop owner refused to make good the money won off his dummy under the plea that he had sold out to the afore-said convenient individual and was therefore not responsible. He has offered, however, to pay a small per cent on the dollar more in the nature of a donation than an acknowledgment of his responsibility.

It now appears that the writer of the following letter is aware that this defaulting bucket shop manipulator is in with or backing a new concern of the kind recently opened, hence he sees a chance to get even, free of cost, through the GLOBE. Under the pretense, of course, of the very worthy motives he anxiously alleges in his letter, THE GLOBE being in the business of exposing official rascality and malfeasance this worthy citizen who wants to even up with the bucket shop man thus sugar coats the pill he offers us for private consumption. Here is his letter; note it:

WASHINGTON, D. C., October, 1901.

EDITOR GLOBE: I have been a reader of the GLOBE since its second number, and have heartily welcomed the advent of a newspaper which has the courage to tell the truth, and lash rascality in high places, as others lash it in low places—to expose rascals wherever you find them.

As you cannot unaided unearth all the rascals, and as I have knowledge of one, let me tell his story. Some years ago there came to this city a man who called himself

He is a specious fellow, decently dressed, and of fair appearance if you do not examine his face too closely. In 1894 he had an office at 918 F street, n. w., as — & Co., and advertised in the city papers "A co-operative stock and grain syndicate; 100 to 500 per cent per annum easily made, and without risk; 25 per cent paid to subscribers as the result of operations for the month ending June 15, 1894"—a regular green goods notice.

For a while he made reports of successful operations and paid dividends, but just as soon as he got in a snug little sum of money from a report of a big loss, and his patrons fled, of course, except one party who plainly told him if his money was not returned he would mutilate him—of course he got his money. In 1898 he opened a broker's office (bucket shop), at 631 F street, n. w., on the ground floor. The place was well chosen, being within two blocks of about five thousand government employees, a number of whom are speculators in stock in a small way. Here he did a fair business which gradually increased until suddenly, on the last day of last April, he announced that he had sold out his business to one whom he imported and fully indorsed, and whose trades he gave notice he would cash.

On May 1st this man ran away considerably in debt to a number of his customers, and while — took up the business again and went right on with it under the same license he refused to settle as he had promised to do the debts made by his dummy, although he collected money due him (the dummy). A day or two after the hasty departure of the dummy — was ticketed by the authorities of the District and placed under arrest to await the action of the grand jury, and just here I would like to inquire why no action has been taken. The object of this is to warn the public against placing their money with the brokerage firm of —, recently opened at 607 7th street, n. w., as it is well known that this same — is the real owner of that business, as he is there at all times attending to it.

It is not the lack of funds which keeps — from paying his creditors, for the records of our courts show that not long ago a Maryland farmer out of his farm for which he realized \$1,500, and the farmer has a judgment against him for a like amount, and besides I learn he has offered to compromise with his dummy's victims for a small per cent. No one here knows this man's past history, but enough is known to show that he cannot go to either Louisville, Ky., or Chicago, Ill. What shady transactions drove him away from each of these cities are as yet undetected, but he is being looked up by some of his victims here, and later, with the help of the GLOBE, do the good work of fully exposing and driving this — from Washington.

A CITIZEN.

The "good work" is not exactly in our line, especially in the matter of bucket shops, for the all-sufficient reason that the men who play the game are precisely of the same moral fibre as the men who run the gambling scheme. Suckers or players who get the worst of the game cannot use the GLOBE to get even, and we only publish the present article to admonish all such that we are too old and experienced in our line of business to be used even on the theory of those rogues or gamblers "fall out honest people come by their own." As "our own" is to purify the moral atmosphere and expose wrong-doing, we are unable to perceive wherein one or the other is accomplished by airing the grievances of gamblers beaten at their own game. by one more or

less unscrupulous or immoral than themselves. THE GLOBE can neither be bought nor hoodwinked by this brand of "reformers."

VICISSITUDES OF A GRL IN MALE ATTIRE.

[A True Story.]

"The experience of a girl tramp" is the autobiography of a lady who, after the murder of her husband and forced by her necessities to make her own living, assumed male attire for the special purpose set forth in her history. Her adventures on the road were not only interesting, but startling, and sometimes quite sensational. They will all be truthfully detailed in the columns of the SUNDAY MORNING GLOBE on the staff of which this well-known newspaper writer and clever young woman is now a valued member.—EDITOR GLOBE.

Everyone living has something to tell that would be of interest to his fellow men, and although the public generally does not agree with this statement, or rather, does not entirely understand how it can be, it is a fact that those supposed to be the most skilled in composition oftentimes spoil a good tale in the telling, while those least skilled in wielding the pen can, through experience, tell a poor tale in a peculiarly characteristic and vivid way that makes it readable.

These facts are here stated not because they are new or for any other reason, than to serve as an excuse for the telling of the experiences of a girl not at all skilled in writing and who here tells her story in her own words, without embellishments of any kind, believing that the incidents related are of themselves of sufficient interest to warrant the telling in the crude style which must necessarily be employed.

Virginia avenue, as everyone knows, is not a very desirable place to live, chiefly because of the fact that the railroads seem to have appropriated this broad and otherwise beautiful avenue to their own undisturbed use and to the eternal disturbance of those who are compelled to live in this district. Long about 1884 I was a working girl in Washington, and my means not permitting choice of residence, I was compelled, as are thousands of others, to locate my home according to the contents of my purse.

In order to reach my room—I cannot by any possible stretch of the imagination call it a home—it was necessary to walk through the Smithsonian grounds or along Seventh street southwest. My work was night work. The hours were from seven p. m. until three a. m. It needs but little explanation to recognize the fact that I was a reporter, or to be literal, a gather of scattering items of news to which no real reporter would give his time. There were two editions of the paper which employed me, one in the morning and another in the afternoon. To be on the night force, therefore, except in some departments of the work, was not desirable. Still it was better than nothing, and I was not at all dissatisfied with my lot. It was, however, a rather trying thing to go along Seventh street at three o'clock in the morning, alone, morning after morning, but I soon began to realize that the safety of my going so regularly was my safeguard, and such a thing as fear had never really entered my brain. To do what had to be done and do it to the best of one's ability had always seemed to me as simple a fact as to breathe, because it could not be helped.

I grew to love the early morning walk, the quietness that enveloped everything, broken only by the puffing of the near-by steam engines in the Pennsylvania shed and by a passing milk cart or other straggling vehicle. In fact, I began this article by blaming the railroads for usurping the broad avenues formed by the crossing of two streets in different directions, and leading directly from the Capitol to the Mall, or rather just back of the Mall; but, come to think of it, those steaming, puffing, noisy old engines were my sole sources of comfort for several months, and many times I have passed along and caught myself watching to see if No. 36 had come in or 78 was ready to depart promptly on schedule time, and who the people were in the coaches, and what was their mission, or where were they bound.

One morning I decided not to go straight home, as it was drizzling rain and my umbrella had been left in the room the night before, so not knowing what else to do and wishing to get away from the workshop, I went to the depot and sat down to finish a novel in which I was very much interested but which there was little time to enjoy in my busy existence. I did not notice anybody around me, in fact there were but few persons in the station at this early hour, and I soon became deeply engrossed in my story. So much so, in fact, that it was presently nearly daylight and I began to feel the need of sleep. Several times as I looked up from my novel I caught the matriot eyeing me in the most persistent manner. It so irritated me at last that closing my book I got up to go home. This was evidently what she had been expecting, for she immediately came over to me and said: "Where are you going? Have you a ticket?" To which I replied, in as pleasant a tone as I could command: "No, I have no ticket and only stopped in to rest awhile before going home."

"I thought so," she said in a spiteful tone. "Just you come along with me and you won't need to go home. It's a bad morning, anyhow, and you no doubt live a distance too far to go alone at this hour in the morning. In fact I have been looking for you for some time and am glad to catch up with you at last."

To say I was surprised it put it all too mildly. I was so thunderstruck that I did not realize what the woman had said or what I was doing until I was actually out in the street with her. And then I was so sleepy by this time that it seemed to me that I had been asleep and this was all a dream. I did not really wake up to the knowledge that it was not a dream, but a hard fact, and one which I would find it troublesome to dispute, soon made itself plain to me and to everyone concerned, when in a commanding voice the police sergeant said to me: "Well, my young lady, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Say for myself about what?" I stammered. "You have heard the charge against you, and I am willing to listen to anything you may have to say."

As a matter of fact I had not comprehended a word that had been said, although I could not deny having heard the conversation between the depot matriot and the police sergeant. So I was entirely at a loss what to answer, and simply replied that I had nothing to say because I did not know what it was about nor why I was at the present moment in the hands of the police. My manner must have impressed him with the truthfulness of this statement for he looked at me long and carefully before he replied and seemed to choose his words.

"There must be some mistake here, for this does not seem to be a common thief, does the lady appear to have even been in the habit of associating with thieves."

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The matriot expostulated in vain and tried to prove she had seen me many times, and knew where I was supposed to live, and all that, but the sergeant insisted in hearing my story as I should tell it before taking her entirely on her own unsupported word. I never shall forget that sergeant of police, and his kind face, but firm and determined manner, as he turned to me and said:

"Now, don't be afraid; just tell me your name, and where you live, and what you do for a living, and I shall give you every chance to prove your assertions."

I told him my name, my address, and my occupation without fear, and he advised me to go home at once and go to sleep and forget the incident.

Whether he chided the matriot or not I never knew, nor cared to know, but it is a fact that she never saw me to this day, and I often meet her, that she does not stare at me and frown such an ugly frown that I fear she will have premature wrinkles.

[To be continued.]

The Young of the Sea Devil.

You may find in the sea devil a curious illustration of nature's system for adjusting reproduction. The cod lays several hundred thousand eggs at a spawning because nearly all of them must necessarily be lost while floating on the waves and those which hatch are mostly devoured. But the sea devil, which produces but a single young one at a time, retains the latter in its belly until the latter is from four to six feet in length, so that when born it is able to take care of itself and is in no danger of being destroyed.

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